

# ANDREW JACKSON.

The doctrine of equality occupies a conspicuous station in the theory of republicanism; it is in fact the essence of democracy, but it may be understood with rational limitation. It may be said that the most obscure and lowly citizen in the American federation, sustains as exalted a station in the theory of government, as the supreme executive. That is to say, with the President of the United States there is no privilege of regis, or droit le roy, as acknowledged in monarchical governments, but when in office he is liable to impeachment, and at all times he is amenable to the same laws, and that in the same manner, as the most humble citizen.

Notwithstanding in our democracy we acknowledge no prerogative rights, yet we are bound, by natural law and high obligations, to admire and reverence that exalted genius which sustained the second-father of his country, as a general and statesman, "so many summers in a sea of glory." Such just rewards, above any other, must tend to sustain and elevate our republican fabric, when virtue and patriotism shall cease to be acknowledged and revered in the land of our fathers, then will have arrived the melancholy era when liberty will hide her front and seek an asylum in the shady caverns of oblivion. Never has there lived in the tide of time, a character, who had a higher claim to the exalted appellation of father of his country, than the distinguished individual whose name stands at the head of this article—a chivalrous soldier and patriotic statesman. Lives there a man on the page of history, or character on traditions shadowy plain, with higher claims to glory and renown, than this illustrious chief?

He was one of the few generals who understood thoroughly, the Indian mode of warfare; while almost every other was deceived by the subtlety of these sons of the forest, and sadly enlightened by sanguinary defeat, this hero of many triumphant battles with the red man, never experienced the mortification of defeat in a single engagement, but in every instance when called into the field against this harassing and sanguinary foe, his whole conduct was characterized by a sagacity and heroism that shocked their savage sensibility and brought to a sudden termination their ruthless slaughter.

Nor is his claim to military distinction founded alone upon his triumphs in those aboriginal wars; far from it; for, when our republic had waged a belligerent contest against a country justly renowned for the triumph of her arms, a kingdom, from the grandeur of whose fleet it is beautifully said—

"Her march is on the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep."

When this mighty empire kindled with indignation, and toward a country upon whose green fields lay bleaching the bones of our fathers—

"—Like ocean's billow  
Rolled the crimson tide of war."

This great chief was placed at the head of the armies of his country to meet the impetuous foe; an enemy in whose advance stood an officer, brother-in-law to him who led the armies of England in triumph and glory from the mournful field of Waterloo? What was the result of their meeting at Orleans? The English army, inflated by the celebrity of their country and the general triumph of her flag, dreaming not of difficulty in capturing what they conceived to be a little French and Spanish town, guarded by a handful of awkward Anglo-Americans; but, alas! mournful and pitiable was the scene of havoc and slaughter on the British side, whilst the distinguished genius of our country's general brought off in triumph our country's arms.

Nor is the claim of this distinguished chief to honor and reverence, founded alone upon the success of his country's arms, which he ever led forth "conquering and to conquer." No, for his genius as a statesman, and his services in the field, he became a servant in the cabinet. His whole administration, as supreme executive, was marked with a characteristic firmness that must perpetuate his name and his memory in the annals of his country and the world, down to the latest syllable of "recorded time." Well has the poet said—

"The noblest motive is the public good."

Through the whole political career of this patriotic statesman, his acts have been marked by a paternal care for the popular interest, an enemy to monopoly, he was the people's president; nor was he neglectful of his country's honor; for, while anti-republican senators and representatives from the halls of Congress were predicting high-handed hostilities, and painting in tints of deepest blue all the horrors and miseries of a long and sanguinary war with fraternal France, this old military and political chief, firm and inflexible as an adamant monument, was recommending letters of marque and reprisal, to enforce the payment of a just debt and redress a national wrong.

This extraordinary character, after a long and eventful career of public service, has retired to the shades of private life; he has attached himself to one of the churches militant of the living God, and in a lonely tenant of a hermitage. With this true and faithful retrospect, is there an American heart so cold and degenerate as not to acknowledge a reverence for the character and the name of—ANDREW JACKSON?

## VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.

It will be seen in our synopsis, that the farther we go into the interior, the stronger the reaction grows in the Old Dominion. The people of "the ancient Commonwealth," "the unfettered State," as Mr. RIVES so often and so flatteringly called her, are not so ductile to leaders, as they are presumed. Unless there has been some extraordinary defection from Republicanism in the portion of the State yet to be heard from, there is no doubt that the joint Federal Conservative party has sustained a total defeat both in the General Assembly and in the Congressional delegation. The returns, as far as received, have annihilated the coaligned Opposition majority in the State Legislature, and we have reason to believe that the Democracy will elect a Senator to Congress, as it has already returned a majority of members to the House of Representatives. Mr. RIVES' pretensions are entirely dissipated. Of the Whigs elected, as far as we have heard, eight at least, we believe, are not only opposed to RIVES personally, but pledged to vote against his election. Of his Conservative strength, (that which is properly his own), there is not, we believe, more than four—and two of them are pledged to vote against him—remaining in the House of Delegates. This is the end of intrigue in Virginia. It is not a State in which such experiments can succeed. Mr. RIVES, in his address, honored the State by calling himself "her son;" the State likes her principles better than her sons, especially if the latter happen to have no principles.—[Globe.]

Long Hair.—It is said that the present fashion of dandies wearing their hair like that of a poodle dog, originated with a Frenchman, whose ears had been cut off for swindling. We expect that many of our exquisites follow the fashion because their ears are too long.—[Balt. Sun.]

## COLUMBUS DEMOCRAT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

DEMOCRATIC STATE RIGHTS NOMINATIONS.  
For Governor—A. G. McNUTT;  
For Auditor—AUGUSTUS B. SAUNDERS;  
For Treasurer—SAMUEL CRAIG;  
For Congress—A. G. BROWN & J. THOMPSON.

### WHICH IS THE SHINPLASTER PARTY?

The Democratic and Whig parties in this State mutually charge each other with being the cause of the present deranged state of our currency. The epithet of the shinplaster party is constantly bandied between them. If you believe the whigs the origin of shinplaster issues is to be attributed to the democrats, and vice versa, if you believe the democrats. The truth probably lies between, & neither party is altogether free from blame in getting up and keeping up these spurious issues. But we think it can be clearly demonstrated, that to the whigs, if to either, properly belongs the name of the Shinplaster party. How stands the matter? We will attempt to state the arguments pro and con, with as much fairness as possible.

The whigs assert, that previous to Gen. Jackson's experiments and his "tinkering with the currency," as they term it, we had the best circulating medium in the world. That his veto of the bill to re-charter the United States Bank, his removal of the Deposites, and his Specie Circular, were the great original causes of the deranged state of the currency, and of all the pecuniary embarrassments with which the country has been afflicted for the last two or three years.

That to these causes are to be attributed the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and the consequent issuing of change notes by individuals, companies and corporations. That the Democratic party sustained Gen. Jackson in all these measures, which they would have us believe have proved so ruinous to the country, and the Whig party opposed him—that to give us a uniform currency, and equalize the exchanges and prevent shinplaster issues, a National Bank is indispensably necessary—and that they, the whigs are in favor of such an institution, and the democrats opposed to it. That the democrats being the dominant party, have prevented the creation of a National Bank; and that consequently, to them attaches the odium, and to them properly belongs the name of the shinplaster party. Such is the gist of their argument.

The Democrats deny the necessity of a National Bank to regulate the currency. They contend that the Bank could not prevent pecuniary pressures, or derangements of the currency, or shinplaster issues, and they point to the history of 1819, as an indisputable proof of the fact. The veto of the Bank Bill by Gen. Jackson, they consider, was rendered imperatively necessary by principles both of constitutionality and expediency. The removal of the deposits was justified upon the ground that the bank had proved itself an unfaithful agent of the Government, and the specie circular was a wise and necessary measure to prevent the public domain from passing into the hands of speculators for mere promises to pay. They deny that either Gen. Jackson or the Government had any intention of destroying the banks; all this they attribute to the reckless spirit of speculation and over-trading which prevailed, and which was stimulated by the imprudent over-issues both of the National and State Banks. But to show beyond all manner of doubt, that a National Bank is not necessary to regulate the currency, or to prevent shinplaster issues, they instance the fact, that in some of the States (Va. and S. C., for example) where the banks are well and prudently managed, their paper passes current all over the Union, and there is not a shinplaster to be found within their borders. And further, the rates of exchange between many of the States are now much lower than they were during a period of the existence of a National Bank. If then, the want of a National Bank is not the cause of the shinplaster issues in this State, what is? Unquestionably the manner in which our banks are managed. And who manage our banks? They are mostly under the control of whigs. Besides, the whigs, with but few exceptions, advocate post-note issues by the Union Bank, while the democrats almost to a man oppose it. The whigs, in fact, as a party, are in favor of an inflated paper circulation, which leads inevitably to suspension by the banks and to shinplaster issues; the democrats deprecate such circulation and are in favor of returning as near as possible to the constitutional currency of gold and silver. They severely censure and condemn the illegal, dishonest course pursued by some of our banks. The whigs generally apologize for the banks, and call these denunciations of the democrats, "waging an unjust war upon them." In view of all these facts, and others that might be mentioned, we feel justified in dubbing the whigs of Mississippi with the name of the shinplaster party. They call us Loco Focos, and we have certainly a right to return the compliment and give them a name also.

The communication addressed to Gov. McNutt came to hand too late to be attended to in our last—we were so hurried at the time, that we could not give it a perusal. We have since examined it. The writer must excuse us for declining its publication, and for suggesting that the columns of the Argus would be a much more suitable place for it. We will cheerfully publish any temperate article in defence of the Union Bank or its Directors, but we cannot permit our paper to be made the vehicle of what seems to us an insidious attack upon the motives and conduct of Gov. McNutt relative to that institution, by one professing to be his friend.

Theatrical.—Miss DAVENPORT, the little prodigy, is playing in Nashville, (Tenn.) to crowded houses. She is said to be greeted with the most enthusiastic applause by the playing people of that city.

## VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.

VICTORY! VICTORY!!

Make way for the Old Dominion!  
The state is all our own! We have a large majority of the members of Congress, a majority in the Legislature, and shall elect a Democratic Senator next winter in place of RIVES. This is a thrice glorious result. It settles the question—it renders the re-election of Martin Van Buren absolutely certain. All the returns have not been received, but enough is known to satisfy us of the complete triumph of Democracy! The following members are known to be elected to Congress:—

Democrats.	Feds. and Conservatives.
John W. Jones,	H. A. Wise,
Joel Hilleman,	John Hill,
Francis E. Rives,	John M. Botts,
Geo. C. Dringhouse,	C. F. Mercer,
Linn Banks,	James Garland,
Walter Coles,	
William Lucas,	
Robert Craig,	
Lewis Strother,	
Green B. Samuel,	
Andrew Beirne,	

Sub-Treasury Whig.  
R. M. T. Hunter.  
Mr. Hunter, although elected to the last Congress as a whig, is now a warm supporter of all the prominent measures of the administration.

The Districts remaining to be heard from, were represented in the last Congress as follows: Joseph Johnson, (Dem.) A. Stewart, (Dem.) John Taliaferro, (Fed.) G. W. Hopkins, (Con.)

Partial returns would induce the belief, that Taliaferro and Hopkins are re-elected. It is possible that the whigs may have made a net gain of one member of Congress; but let it be remembered, that we had a strong majority in the last Congress, and could afford to lose a few members without losing the state. The great contest was for the Legislature, and this we have carried.—The whigs generally give it up. Last year, the whigs and conservatives united, had a majority of twenty-six in the Legislature. Now, so far as heard, the democrats have a clear majority of one on joint ballot. In the Senate, they have a majority of four; in the House the parties stand 53 Democrats to 56 Federalists and Conservatives. The counties to be heard from were represented in the last Legislature by 15 Democrats, and 10 Federalists. If we only hold our own in these counties, our majority in the Legislature will be six—that is enough—but the chances are that it will be larger.

The statement copied into the Argus Extra relative to the Virginia elections, is unquestionably erroneous in almost every particular. Of the members elected to Congress, Hunter is set down as a whig, when in fact, he is no more of a whig than John C. Calhoun is, being a warm supporter of the Sub-Treasury and all the prominent measures of the administration. Goggin, the whig candidate, from the 7th Congressional district, is stated to be elected. Our information is, that "there is no doubt of the re-election of Stewart, his opponent." Taliaferro is said to be re-elected, and state the ultimate majority to be doubtful. We have conceded the probability of a net whig gain of one member to Congress; but it is by no means certain.

But the statement in the Argus respecting the returns for the Legislature, is still more erroneous. For the Senate, all the Districts have been heard from, and the Democrats have four majority, not three, as stated in the Argus. For the House we have returns from 93 counties and boroughs, though not all official. These give 53 Democrats to 56 Whigs and Conservatives. So far as heard therefore, the Democrats have a majority of one, on joint ballot. We mean not to say that this statement is entirely correct, but it is founded upon the latest and most authentic information that we have received. We understand that six of the whig members elect are Sub-Treasury men. We may indeed say, "All is not lost that's in danger."

THE COTTON CROP was never more early or more promising in this neighborhood than it is the present year. On many farms it is beginning to bloom, and on some, bolls have been formed. We were shown the other day, a full bloom taken from the field of Mr. John T. Connell. He tells us the bolls are fast opening all over his field. We have also been shown a boll as large as a man's thumb from the field of Mr. Hoskins a few miles from town. This is the earliest we ever knew. We believe it was some three or four weeks later last year, before the bolls were formed. We will stake old Lowndes against any county in East Mississippi for early cotton, early corn, and early vegetables of every kind.

Some of the Whigs in town, we learn, were so elated the other evening at some fancied gain in Virginia, that they fired off the cannon! Go ahead, Mr. Shinplaster party! You are certainly a noble set of fellows. We gain some 12 or 15 members of the Legislature, and you give us one gun; if we elect a Democratic Senator next winter, from the Old Dominion, as we shall, almost beyond a doubt, we hope you will give us one hundred. We live to hear the firing of cannon when we triumph, even though it come from an enemy.

The Argus is out with his army of figures again. It has now become a standing dish with him. We don't doubt the correctness of his arithmetic, but we say that he endeavors to make a false impression by means of it. His object is to persuade the community that the ordinary expenditures of government have increased since the administration of Mr. Adams from about thirteen to some forty millions. This we have pronounced to be false. If there is a reader of the Argus who believes it to be true, he is too great a dolt, and ignorant to be reasoned with.

A correspondent of the Pantocost Intelligence states, that Mr. Reuben Davis, in one of his electioneering speeches, in order to show that he had good authority for supporting Mr. Clay, read the famous forged letter under the signature of Mr. Jefferson, published some years ago by Southworth of Rhode Island, editor of the Literary Subaltern. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that's a good joke! The selected candidate of "all the talents and all the decency" party, holding up to his audience a worn out and well known forgery as a matter of fact! But the letter it seems was published in that great whig luminary at Jackson, called the Southern Sun, and of course, in the opinion of Mr. Reuben Davis, it must be genuine. If any of our whig friends can let us have a file of the Richmond Whig for 1828, (that we believe was the year when the famous letter was ushered to the world) we will show that Mr. Pleasant's devoted friend and admirer of Mr. Clay, was compelled to admit that the letter was all a forgery, and its author a scoundrel.

A friend informs us that he has just received a letter from a distinguished citizen in Vicksburg, who assures him that he should not be much surprised if McNutt should get a majority in that city, which, as is well known, has always been a strong hold of the bank feds. Many of them, it is said, who have always been strong in the whig faith, and the advocates of all sorts of banking and credit, have come out openly in favor of McNutt. This is in accordance with the information we have received from all quarters of the state, east, west, north and south. McNutt is gaining ground daily. The people recognize in his stern, inflexible opposition to bank corruption, something of the character of the honest old Chief of the Hermitage, and they will sustain him. A few bank democrats (and sorry are we to say that there is such an inconsistent class of politicians among us) may desert him; but for one such deserter, a hundred honest whigs will join his standard.

We have taken the liberty to send the Editor of the Aberdeen Whig, a number of our last paper. He will find on the first page a full specification of all the extraordinary expenses of Government under the last and present administrations. We beg him to read and ponder over it well. As he says he does not wish to gull the people of Monroe, we hope he will lay the facts we have sent him, before them. All they ask is light, and it is the duty of the Aberdeen luminary to dispense it to them.

We take the following well merited compliment to our distinguished fellow-citizen Judge Trotter, from the Southern (Grenada) Reporter:—  
The Hon. JAMES F. TROTTER passed thro' this place a few days since on his way to Marshall county, which he intends to make his future residence. From an announcement, elsewhere, it will be seen that the Judge is a candidate for a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, an office which he now holds. We confess we never admired the Judge as a politician; we always thought him out of his proper element when engaged in the muddy pool of party strife; but as a jurist, we have ever entertained for his private life, the highest respect. His patient and investigating mind, his knowledge of the legal science, and the assiduity with which he applies himself to despatch the business of the Court, all conspire to render Judge Trotter eminently suited to wear the sacred ermine of justice.

We are requested to state that the Judge will visit most of the counties of the District prior to the election, not to mingle in the electioneering canvass, but to show a proper mark of respect to a people with whose happiness and prosperity his own are intimately identified.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PORT GIBSON.—Port Gibson one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in the state has been almost completely destroyed by fire. The Correspondent Extra of the 30th inst. published at that place says:—

It is our melancholy duty to record the total destruction of the whole business portion of our town by fire. On Saturday morning, Port Gibson was unquestionably the most beautiful town in the State—and as prosperous and flourishing as any in the whole South West—now it is a pile of black and smoky ruins. The fire broke out on Saturday morning about eleven o'clock, in a kitchen in the rear of the new stores recently erected by Messrs. H. & H. O. Anderson.—From the extremely dry situation of every thing, and the combustible materials of which the building was composed, every effort to extinguish the fire proved unavailing, and in a few moments the flames communicated to these beautiful new stores, which were almost ready to be occupied, from which they rapidly extended to the store and warehouse occupied by the Messrs. Anderson's. The Court House fell before the element, and the buildings in the rear of it, up to the Grand Gulf Road. The Jail was with great difficulty preserved. Between thirty-five and forty buildings are in ashes, and most of them brick buildings of the first quality. A more destructive conflagration, in proportion to the size and population of the town, never before occurred. A large quantity of goods were also destroyed.

The Vicksburg Sentinel gives us the following additional items respecting this melancholy disaster. The jail caught fire several times, and the criminals were turned loose. Two counterfeiters and a murderer were turned out. They all worked hard to save the property of the citizens, and to prevent the jail from being burnt down. One of the counterfeiters, after working an hour or two, helped himself to a pair of shoes, and made his escape; the other, with the murderer, returned to their quarters after having extinguished the fire. Their places were supplied by others, who were caught plundering. Upwards of one thousand people are left without a home; and property, amounting to a million of dollars, has been destroyed. The very fire engine used to quench the flames was consumed! The firemen were working the engine in an alley, when two kegs of powder exploded, scattering bricks, mortar, &c., in all directions, before the engine could be got away it was in flames.

We learn that Mr. JAMES GORDON late of Norfolk Va. has been elected President of the Real Estate Bank in this city, in place of MARYSON WATNALL, resigned.

We observe from the Pantocost Intelligence that a Democratic meeting has been held in that county, which nominated Col. Thos. H. Williams (late United States Senator) as a candidate for the Legislature. We have just been informed by a gentleman direct from Pontotoc, that Col. Williams has accepted the nomination, and that he will certainly be elected. We are sincerely rejoiced at this. Col. Williams is just such a man as we want in the Legislature at this time.

Don't fail to read the two articles on our first page respecting "The Defalcations." From the assertions of the whigs one would be led to suppose that there had never been a public defaulter until Gen. Jackson's Administration. See how a plain tale completely puts down all their false charges.

The Argus rates his federal conductor of the Nashville Banner, roundly for making him tell the truth concerning Mr. Van Buren's Administration, by crediting to him a remark of ours. Fy! Mr. Banner, why are you so naughty—why do you slander our neighbor so vilely?

Discount.—We have had excessively hot dry weather for some time. No rain has fallen within five or six weeks, and the crops are beginning to suffer. If Mr. Eppy, the rain king, will come along this way and give us a good shower, we promise to get up a subscription of some thousands for him.

William Leggett, Esq. has been appointed confidential agent from this government to the Republic of Central America. In consequence of the little commercial intercourse between that country and the United States, the President had determined to dispatch with the mission to Guatemala before Mr. Dewitt, the late Charge, then on a visit to this country, put an end to his own life. There is a necessity, however, for a confidential person in the employment of our government to visit that country, in order to obtain the ratification of a commercial treaty which has been recently negotiated, and explain to its government the reasons for putting an end to the mission which has hitherto existed.—N. Y. Post.

We regret to learn that Mr. Leggett, whose appointment is noticed above, has since died.—He was laboring under the consumption, and the fell disease carried him off on the 30th ult. but a few days after his appointment. Mr. Leggett was one of the ablest and most spirited political writers of the day. He was an honest democrat too, "the noblest work of God."

Gov. McNUTT.—A friend writing from Washington City on the 22d of May, says, "Governor McNutt's course is highly appreciated here by the distinguished members of the party, and the rank and file, every where, whom I have met in my travels, speak of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration." The truth is, few men would have taken the bold stand that he has." Such is the estimate placed abroad upon the fearless, independent and honest course of Gov. McNutt. And we have the satisfaction of knowing that his position is not less highly appreciated at home. The democracy of the state are rallying around him in a thick and solid phalanx, which neither the powers of whiggery nor of bank influence can break. He is for the people, and the people for him. He is resolved to protect their interests from the rapacity of those legalized swindlers called banks.

A change has swept over the spirit of this State's dream. She has awoke in bankruptcy, but, thank God, she has at length awoke, and terrible is the reckoning to which she will hold the robbers who have plundered her of her substance and the product of the last six years toil. These things have not gone unheeded, nor will they.

The people of Mississippi are aroused to a just sense of their condition, and are beginning to be fully aware of the cause and of its enormity.—They will stand by Gov. McNutt, and support him in this work of reformation with an ardor and enthusiasm never equalled in this country. McNutt and good money is the watch-word, not only with all the democrats, but with a large body of the whigs. The bell-weather of that party cannot longer make the people follow on to destruction.—Mississippiian.

PRODUCTION VS. CONSUMPTION.—We frequently hear great complaints, (and they are made not only in all parts of our country, but in Europe) of the high prices of provisions, grain and meat, and many speculations as to the causes, and the probability of their continuance; and while prices have been attributed to almost every assignable cause, we do not recollect that the one we consider the true one has scarcely been alluded to by any one. In our opinion it is plain that the cause lies not in "combinations," at home or abroad, but in the fact that production is not equal to the consumption, or, in other words, the population of the world is increasing in a greater ratio than the means of subsistence. There are several causes that have contributed to this result. 1st. The long continued state of peace which the greater part of the earth has enjoyed for many years, while it has had the direct effect of increasing the population, has taken multitudes from the agricultural class, and added them to those employed in ministering to the other wants and luxuries of life, the manufacturing and mechanic arts. 2d. The great increase of horses over cattle in all parts of the civilized world, not only for the purpose of transportation, but for farming purposes. The substitution of the horse for the ox lessens the means of human subsistence in two ways, the large quantities of grain he devours, and the entire loss of his carcass when old. The ox consumes little grain, and when old is at little expense made of more value than at any other period of his life. 3d. The subtraction of immense numbers of able bodied active men from the pursuits of agriculture, and engaging them in the construction of canals, rail-roads, and other works of public utility, converting at once, in this manner, a large part of the laboring population from producers into customers, and thus making heavy drafts on the resources of the remainder. These causes, not to mention the disinclination which is felt by many to cultivate the earth, or the desire to get rich in some quicker and easier way than by the slow but sure process of farming, which is so prevalent among the classes of would-be gentlemen in the civilized world, is sufficient to account for the high price of provisions, and show there is little probability they will be lower till these causes in some degree cease to exist.

The recently erected capitol of the state of North Carolina, at Raleigh, is spoken of as a superb building. It is of granite, and is surrounded by massive columns of that material. It is 160 feet long and ninety feet high, surmounted by a magnificent dome. The building cost a million of dollars.

An hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom. It shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than champagne or blue pills.

THE RETURN HOME.  
Once more at home! Full fifty years have passed since I first saw the world. Since I was a boy I have seen many a battle, and many a war, and many a change. I have seen the world in its glory, and in its shame. I have seen the world in its youth, and in its old age. I have seen the world in its beauty, and in its ugliness. I have seen the world in its peace, and in its war. I have seen the world in its hope, and in its despair. I have seen the world in its joy, and in its sorrow. I have seen the world in its love, and in its hate. I have seen the world in its faith, and in its unbelief. I have seen the world in its truth, and in its falsehood. I have seen the world in its goodness, and in its evil. I have seen the world in its light, and in its darkness. I have seen the world in its life, and in its death. I have seen the world in its glory, and in its shame. I have seen the world in its youth, and in its old age. I have seen the world in its beauty, and in its ugliness. I have seen the world in its peace, and in its war. I have seen the world in its hope, and in its despair. I have seen the world in its joy, and in its sorrow. I have seen the world in its love, and in its hate. I have seen the world in its faith, and in its unbelief. I have seen the world in its truth, and in its falsehood. I have seen the world in its goodness, and in its evil. I have seen the world in its light, and in its darkness. I have seen the world in its life, and in its death.

Beespeak the dwelling listening to its fall.  
Around his hearth, now desolate, how oft  
Have I made one amid the family,  
To listen to our mother's voice—so soft  
When harshness—and the glittering tear to  
That from the fount of her affection sprung  
And pendant on the dark-lined lashes hung.  
And then, how often at the close of day,  
When the shades were gathering on the sky,  
Have I beside her chair knelt down to pray,  
While she, her child's devotion pleased to see,  
Would join his prayers on her benedict knee.

Alas! my native hearth is desolate!  
The crickets only sing here in its gloom.  
The place is vacant where my father sat!  
My mother—brothers—sisters—where are they?  
Go ask the guardian of the gate of heaven—  
They passed his portals on the wing of even.  
Once more I wander through the busy street,  
But all unnoticed by a word or bow:  
Yes, where an hundred would my coming greet,  
There's not an eye to smile upon me now!  
I am forgotten—age and care destroy  
The lightsome gleam and aspect of the boy.

I enter in the lane where oft I've strayed,  
And seek the one who nursed my youth the while;  
Her faithful breast my infant couch made—  
Sure she will greet me with her wonted smile.  
But no—that hallow'd by the garden's side  
Tells but too plainly that the two have died.

Where shall I wander now? Sick, sick at heart,  
I gaze around for one familiar face  
In vain. These are not childish tears that start  
And course successive o'er my withered face.  
Their secret fountain is within my soul,  
Where memory's turbid waters darkly roll.

I'll turn me to my wild and favorite strain,  
Where oft I've bled or caught the silver tear.  
I fancy that the gems more brightly gleam,  
And leap more merrily at my approach.  
Welcome, sweet stream! Art thou the only thing  
To bid me welcome to my musing?  
Once more amid the rocky hills—once more—  
Where I would oft the hours of youth beguile.  
They yet are true, and from a foreign shore  
Their rugged faces greet me with a smile.  
God bless their honest hearts! Though friends be  
I am remembered by the gray rocks yet!

I am not quite alone. The laughing stream  
Gleams in the sunshine with its wonted hue,  
Friendship is folly—love an idle dream—  
But nature's fondness is forever true.  
All else has changed—'tis saddening to trace  
The weary wanderings from my native place.  
I'll hie me to the church-yard, where are laid  
The friends who lived, but now are with the dead;  
Beneath this willow shall a grave be made  
Where I may lay at rest my weary head;  
Then, all forgetting what in life hath passed,  
Will the tired wanderer have a home at last.

MATRIMONY.  
1 That man must lead a happy life,  
2 Who's free from matrimonial chains,  
3 Who is directed by a wife;  
4 Is sure to suffer for his pains.  
1 Adam could find no solid peace  
2 When Eve was given for a mate,  
3 Until she saw a woman's face  
4 Adam was in a happy state.

1 In all the female sex appear  
2 How wrong, how foolish and untrue,  
3 Truth, darling of the heart sincere,  
4 Ne'er's known in woman to reside.

1 What tongue is able to unfold  
2 The falsehood that in woman dwells;  
3 The words in woman we behold  
4 Is almost unperceivable.

1 Cursed be the foolish man, I say  
2 Who changes from his singleness,  
3 Who will not yield to woman's sway,  
4 Is sure of perfect blessedness.

To advocate the ladies' cause, you will read 1st and 3d—2nd and 4th lines together.

LOVE.  
How bright and beautiful is love in its hour  
Of purity and innocence—how mysterious does it  
Realize every feeling, and concentrate every wild  
And bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy  
And mysterious love: it is the garland spring  
Of life—the dream of the heart—the impassioned  
Poetry of nature—its song is heard in rude  
And unvisited solitudes of the far forest, and the  
Thronged haunts of busy life—it embellishes with  
Its flame the unperturbed cot of the peasant and the  
Gorgeous palaces of the monarch—flashes its  
Holy gleam of light upon the mute page of the  
Solitary student, and upon the measured track of  
The lonely wanderer—hovers about the imperilled  
Bark of the stern-beaten mariner—enfeebles the  
Darkly bending wing of the muttering tempest—  
Imparts additional splendor to the beacon  
That "burns on the far distant shore."

Love! it is the mystic and unseen spell that  
Harmonizes and "sooths unbidden" the wild  
And rugged tendencies of human nature—that  
Lingers about the sanctity of the human heart—the  
Worshiped deity of the penetrative, and unites in  
Firm union the affections of social and religious  
Society, gathers verdant freshness around the  
Guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals in  
Moonlight darkness, upon the yielding heart of  
Despairing age—it hushes into repose the  
Chafed, and bruised, and unrelenting spirit of  
Sorrow, and bears it from the existing and anticipated  
Evils of life, to its own bright and sheltering  
Bower of repose—transforms into a generous  
Devotion the exacting desires of vulgar interest  
And sordid avarice, and melts into a fearful compassion  
The ice of insensibility.

The image which holy and undecaying love has  
Once portrayed on the deep shrine of the heart,  
Will not vanish like lineaments which childhood's  
Fingers in idle moments may have traced upon the  
sand—that image will remain there unbroken  
And unmarked—will burn on undimmed in its beauty  
And undiminished in its lustre; amid the quick  
Rush of the winds and the warring of the tempest  
Cloud—and when the waving "star of our fate  
Seems declining," the bowed and bewildering  
Spirit, like the trembling dove of the patriarch,  
Will meet its home and its refuge in that hallowed  
Fane where love presides as high priestess of its  
sanctuary, and concentrates to unbending truth  
The offered vows of her votaries.—E. L. Bulster.

Commendrum.—Why is the letter a like noon?  
Dy'e give it up? Because it is in the middle of  
day.

A fellow complained that he had lost a great  
deal of property. "In what manner?" inquired  
another. "Why, I never could get hold of it."  
The London Age says there are two very distinct  
classes in society in England; the nobility and  
a-bility.